

# THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1914, by Hamlin Garland

## SYNOPSIS

Wayland Norcross, an eastern youth seeking health in Colorado, meets Bessie McFarlane, called Berrie, typical ranch girl, daughter of the supervising ranger of Bear Tooth forest.

Berrie is greeted by her lover, Cliff Belden, a cowboy, supposed to be interested in a saloon at Meeker's Mill, where Norcross is bound. Berrie guides Norcross to his destination.

A shower intercepts them and the girl gives the youth her raincoat. There is a rough element at Meeker's, and Norcross chooses Landon, the ranger, as his companion. Landon loves Berrie.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A Warning.

MEANWHILE his own troubles increased. Frank's dislike had grown to an implacable vindictiveness, and if the old man Meeker had any knowledge of his son's devilities he gave no sign.

"I don't know why I stay," Wayland wrote to Berrie. "I'm disgusted with the men up here—they're all tire-some except Landon—but I hate to slink away, and, besides, the country is glorious. I'd like to come down and see you this week. May I do so? Please send word that I may."

She did not reply, and, wondering whether she had received his letter or not, he mounted his horse one beautiful morning and rode away up the trail with a sense of elation, of eager joy, with intent to call upon her at the ranch as he went by.

Hardly had he vanished among the pines when Clifford Belden rode in from his ranch on Hat creek and called at Meeker's for his mail.

Frank Meeker was in the office, and as he both feared and disliked this big contemptuous young cattleman he set to work to make him jealous.

"You want to watch this one lung boarder of ours," he warned, with a grin. "He's been writing to Berrie, and he's just gone down to see her. His highfalutin ways and his fine white hands have put her on the slant."

"I'm not worrying," retorted Belden. "You'd better be. I was down there the other day, and it 'peared like she couldn't talk of anything else but Mr. Norcross, Mr. Norcross, till I was sick of his name."

An hour later Belden left the mill and set off up the trail behind Norcross. His face fallen into stern lines, Frank writhed in delight. "There goes Cliff, hot under the collar, chasing Nor-



"I've been wondering about you," she said.

cross. If he finds out that Berrie is interested in him he'll just about writhe that dude's neck."

Meanwhile Wayland was riding through the pass with lightning heart, his thought dwelling on the girl at the end of his journey.

As he reached the McFarlane ranch it seemed deserted of men, but a faint column of smoke rising from the roof of the kitchen gave evidence of a cook, and at his knock Berrie came to the door with a boyish word of frank surprise and pleasure. She was dressed in a blue and white calico gown, with the collar turned in and the sleeves rolled up, but she seemed quite unembarrassed, and her pleasure in his coming quite repaid him for his long and tiresome ride.

"I've been wondering about you," she said. "I'm mighty glad to see you. How do you stand it?"

"You got my letter?"

"I did, and I was going to write and tell you to come down, but I've had some special work to do at the office."

She took the horse's rein from him, and together they started toward the stables.

This action of stabling the horses, a perfectly innocent and natural one for her, led one of the hands, a coarse minded sneak, to watch them from a corral. "I wonder how Cliff would like that?" he evilly remarked.

Berrie was frankly pleased to see Wayland and spoke of the improvement which had taken place in him. "You're looking fine," she said as they were returning to the house. "But how do you get on with the boys?"

"Not very well," he admitted. "They seem to have it in for me. It's a constant fight."

Her face grew grave. "I reckon you got started wrong," she said at last. "They'll like you better when you get browned up and your clothes get dirty. You're a little too fancy for their just now."

"I don't believe I want any more of their company. What's the use? As you say, I've started wrong with them, and I don't see any prospect of getting right; and, besides, I like the rangers better. Landon thinks I might work in the service. I wonder if I could? It would give me something to do."

She considered a moment. "We'll think about that. Come into the kitchen. I'm cook today. Mother's gone to town."

The kitchen was clean and ample, and the delicious odor of new made bread filled it with cheer. As the girl resumed her apron Wayland settled into a chair with a sigh of content. "I like this," he said aloud. "There's nothing cowgirl about you now; you're the Anglo-Saxon housewife. You might be a Michigan or Connecticut girl at this moment."

Her cheeks were ruddy with the heat and her eyes intent on her work, but she caught enough of his meaning to be pleased with it. "Oh, I have to take a hand at the pots and pans now and then. I can't give all my time to the service, but I'd like to."

He boldly announced his errand. "I wish you'd take me to board. I'm sure your cooking would build up my shattered system a good deal quicker than your aunt's."

She laughed, but shook her head. "You ought to be on the hills riding hard every day. What you need is the high country and the air of the pines."

She had read that victims of the white plague always talk in this cheerful way about themselves, and she worked on without replying.

"If I were here—in the valley—you and I could ride together now and then, and you could show me all the trails. Why not let me come here and board? I'm going to ask your mother if I may not do so."

"Of course you can come here," she said when she saw he was in earnest. "Mother will be glad to have you, although our ranch isn't a bit pretty. Perhaps father will send you out with one of the rangers as a freeguard. I'll ask him tonight."

"I wish you would. I like these foresters—what I've seen of them. I wouldn't mind serving under a man like Landon. He's fine."

Upon this pleasant conference Cliff Belden unexpectedly burst. Pushing the door open with a slam, he confronted Berrie with dark and angry face.

"Why, Cliff, where did you come from?" she asked, rising in some confusion. "I didn't hear you ride up."

"Apparently not," he sneeringly answered. "I reckon you were too much occupied."

She tried to laugh away his black mood. "That's right, I was. I'm chief cook today. Come in and sit down. Mother's gone to town, and I'm playing her part," she explained, ignoring his sullen displeasure. "Cliff, this is Mr. Norcross, who is visiting Uncle Joe. Mr. Norcross, shake hands with Mr. Belden." She made this introduction with some awkwardness, for her lover's failure to even say "Howdy" informed her that his jealous heart was aflame, and she went on quickly. "Mr. Norcross dropped in on his way to the postoffice, and I'm collecting a snack for him."

Recognizing Belden's claims upon the girl, Wayland rose. "I must be going. It's a long ride over the hill."

"Come again soon," urged Berrie. "Father wants to see you."

"Thank you. I will look in very shortly," he replied and went out with such dignity as he could command, feeling, however, very much like a dog that has been kicked over the threshold.

Closing the door behind him, Belden turned upon the girl. "What's that consumptive 'dogie' doing here? He 'peared to be very much at home with you—too dern much at home!"

She was prepared for his displeasure, but not for words like these. She answered quietly: "He just dropped in on his way to town, and he's not a 'dogie'!" She resented his tone as well as his words.

"I've heard about you taking him over to Meeker's and lending him your only slicker," he went on, "but I didn't expect to find him sittin' here like he owned you and the place. You're talking altogether too much pains with him. Can't he put his own horse out? Do you have to go to the stable with him? You never did have any sense about your actions with men. You've all along been too free of your reputation, and now I'm going to take care of it for you. I won't have you noshin' this rust any longer!"

She perceived now the full measure

of his base rage, and her face grew pale and set. "You're making a perfect fool of yourself, Cliff," she said, with portentous calmness.

"Am I?" he asked.

"You sure are, and you'll see it yourself by and by. You've no call to get wire edged about Mr. Norcross. He's not very strong. He's just getting well of a long sickness. I knew a chill would finish him, that's why I gave him my slicker. It didn't hurt me, and maybe it saved his life. I'd do it again if necessary."

"Since when did you start a hospital for eastern tenderfeet?" he sneered then his tone changed to one of downright command. "You want to cut this all out, I tell you! I won't have any more of it! The boys up at the mill are all talkin' about your interest in this little whelp, and I'm getting the branding iron from every one I meet. Sam saw you go into the barn with that dude, and that would have been all over the country tomorrow, if I hadn't told him I'd sew his mouth up if he said a word about it. Of course I don't think you mean anything by this cod-din'."

"Oh, thank you," she interrupted, with flaming, quick, indignant fury. "That's mighty nice of you. I went to the barn to show Mr. Norcross where to stall his horse. I didn't know Sam was here."

He sneered: "No, I bet you didn't." She fired at this. "Come now! Something nasty is in your mind. Go on! What have I done? What makes you so hot?"

He began to weaken. "I don't accuse you of anything. I—but I—"

"Yes, you do—in your heart you distrust me—you just as much as said so!" He was losing his high air of command. "Never mind what I said, Berrie. I—"

She was blazing now. "But I do mind—I mind a whole lot—I didn't think it of you," she added as she realized his cheapness, his coarseness. "I didn't suppose you could even think such things of me. I don't like it," she repeated, and her tone hardened. "and I guess you'd better pull out of here—for good. If you're no more faith in me than that I want you to go and never come back."

"You don't mean that!"

"Yes, I do! I've shown this yellow streak before, and I'm tired of it. This is the limit. I'm done with you."

She stood between tears and benumbing anger now, and he was scared. "Don't say that, Berrie!" he pleaded, trying to put his arm about her.

"Keep away from me!" She dashed his hands aside. "I hate you. I never want to see you again!" She ran into her own room and slammed the door behind her.

Belden stood for a long time with his back against the wall, the heat of his resentment utterly gone, an empty, aching place in his heart. He called her twice, but she made no answer, and so at last he mounted his horse and rode away.

Young Norcross, much as he admired Berrie, was not seeking to exchange her favor for her lover's enmity, and he rode away with an uneasy feeling of having innocently made trouble for himself as well as for a fine, true hearted girl.

"What a good friendly talk we were having," he said regretfully. "And to think she is to marry that big, scowling brute! How could she turn Landon down for a savage like that?"

He was just leaving the outer gate when Belden came clattering up and reined his horse across the path and called out: "See here, you young skunk! You're a poor, white livered tender foot, and I can't bust you as I would a full grown man, but I reckon you better not ride this trail any more."

"Why not?" inquired Wayland.

Belden glared. "Because I tell you so. Your sympathy hunting game has just about run into the ground. You've worked this baby dodge about long enough. You're not so almighty sick as you put up to be, and you'd better hunt some other cure for loneliness or I'll just about cave your chest in."

All this was shockingly plain talk for a slender young scholar to listen to, but Norcross remained calm. "I think you're unnecessarily excited," he remarked. "I have no desire to make trouble. I'm considering Miss Berrie who is too fine to be worried by us."

His tone was conciliating, and the cowboy, in spite of himself, responded to it. "That's why I advise you to go. She was all right till you came Colorado's a big place, and there are plenty other fine ranges for men of your complaint. Why not try Routt county? This is certain, you can't stay in the same valley with my girl. I serve notice of that."

"You're making a prodigious ass of yourself," observed Wayland, with calm contempt.

"You think so, do you? Well, I'll make a jack rabbit out of you if I find you on this ranch again. You've worked on my girl in some way till she's just about quit me. I don't see how you did it, you measly little pup, but you surely have turned her against me!" His rage burst into flame as he thought of her last words. "If you were so much as half a man I'd break you in two pieces right now, but you're not. You're nothing but a dead on the hoof lunger, and there's nothing to do but run you out. So take this as your final notice. You straddle a horse and head east and keep a-ridin', and if I catch you with my girl again I'll deal you a whole hatful of misery. Now, that's right!"

Thereupon, with a final glance of hate in his face, he whirled his horse and galloped away, leaving Norcross dumb with resentment, intermingled with wonder.

"Truly the west is a dramatic country! Here I am involved in a lover's wrath and under sentence of banish-

ment all within a month! Well, I suppose there's nothing to do but carry out Belden's orders. He's the boss," he said as he rode on. "I wonder just what happened after I left? Something stormy evidently. She must have given him a sharp rebuff or he wouldn't have been so furious with me. Perhaps she even broke her engagement with him. I sincerely hope she did! She's too good for him."

And so from point to point he progressed till, with fine indignation, he reached a resolution to stay and meet whatever came. "I certainly would be a timorous animal if I let myself be scared into flight by that big bone-head," he said at last.

Nevertheless he felt very weak and very much depressed as he rode up the street of the little town and dismounted at the forest service building.

Continued Next Week.



Ouch! He—if you are so forgetful, how is it that you remembered me? She—Lots of times I remember the little things when the big ones escape my notice.—Pittsburgh Press.



Consistent. Doobie—Is your wife musical? Crabbe—Very. She jaws in soprano and sobs in contralto!—Boston Globe.



Her Mission. "Behold the fair damsel coming down the street. She is a miss with a mission." "What is her mission?" "Seeking a man with a mansion."—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.



Safety First. Deacon Jones—Have you driven for good people? Chauffeur—Regular saints! They wuz so afraid to die that I never could drive over ten miles an hour, sir!—New York Globe.



Gratitude. Patron—Ass! Omnibus—Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! So many just calls me a donkey, sir!—Boston Journal.

# Working on A Principle

It Brought Its Logical Consequence.

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Mother, I'm going to the city to make a fortune," said Joel Harding.

His mother looked at him, surprised. He knew what she would say, though she did not say it. What would she and father do in working the farm without Joel? They could not afford to hire help, and if he deserted then they would have a much harder time than now.

"I'm tired," continued Joel, "of seeing you and father grinding your lives out in this fashion. There's little enough to be squeezed out of our long worked lands, and if I don't break away from them we'll none of us ever get any comfort. I was talking the other day with Mr. Ashurst, whose family has been spending the month of August with the Parkers. He says that any man can get rich if he'll do just one thing—he must save every cent till he gets enough money together to make an investment. From that time on he has an assistant—the money invested. It is making more money for him even when he is asleep. He saves some more, and this, with the interest that has accumulated on his first investment, enables him to make another. By keeping up this process for a number of years he rolls up enough to live on without doing anything, ride in his carriage and in summer time go among the farmers, drinking the milk and eating the honey that we folks work so hard to produce."

Mrs. Harding had lived long enough in the world to pick what saws there might be in such reasoning, but a mother's first object is what her child wants. She saw that Joel had got an idea in his head, and the only objection to it he would listen to was that while he was gathering this interest bearing capital she and his father would be obliged to work all the harder, besides being deprived of the comfort to be derived from association with their only child. So she said:

"Very well, Joel. If your mind is set on going to the city to make a fortune I suppose you'd better go. You won't be satisfied here any longer."

Joel took her in his arms, kissed her and said that his principal reason for making the move was that he might better his parents' condition.

That night Mrs. Harding had a long talk with her husband about Joel's proposition. Farmer Harding was dead set against it, but when his wife had finished her arguments, which had no effect upon him, and began to plead he gave in, as husbands usually do under such circumstances, and promised that he would not oppose his boy going. The mother put her son's clothing in as good order as possible, and the next Monday morning Joel, provided with all the cash they could possibly spare, started on his journey. Looking back at his parents, he said:

"Give me five years and I'll return this money with a thousand per cent interest."

Mrs. Harding turned away with a smile, but to hide her tears, while her husband stalked into the house with the remark:

"If I understand aright the principle on which he is to make a fortune he's sending us, in five years a thousand per cent interest on the money will be a violation of that principle. Success by the principle he acts upon is based on a strict adherence to that principle."

"Oh, pa, you are always figuring things out on principle. Joel is doing this for our good, and he will make good."

Joel found a position in the city at \$5 a week. Disregarding a temptation to wait before saving (ill he earned more, he lived on \$4 a week, placing the other dollar in a savings bank. At the end of his first year he had placed in the bank \$52 and as much more as had come from increase of salary and extras earned, in all some \$200.

Among his fellow employees Joel was considered the stingiest of the stingy, but his employers, seeing that he possessed determination and self control, advanced him rapidly. Either he possessed business qualifications naturally or, his heart being exclusively set on business, he became an adept at it. At any rate, he soon came to be entrusted with matters by the firm that were not entrusted to his fellow clerks of equal grade with himself. This naturally brought him increase of salary, and before the first five years had passed he was occupying the position of head clerk.

Joel did not forget that he had volunteered to send his father and mother at the end of five years the money they had advanced him, with 1,000 per cent interest. They had scraped up \$25 for him, on which the interest at 1,000 per cent for five years would be, with the principal, \$1,275. Joel had at the end of the fifth year property worth \$4,000. It was invested in railway securities which were worth not quite so much as he had paid for them. To reduce his nest egg by so large an amount, especially selling at a loss, was not to be considered. He wrote his parents that he had made the amount three or four times over, but would defer sending it to them till

he could sell certain securities in which he had invested at the price paid for them.

"I told you so," said Mr. Harding to his wife.

"Now, pa, how unreasonable you are! You wouldn't have Joel lose by selling something he had bought at a less price than what he had paid when by waiting he could get more, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't," replied Harding. "And I wouldn't have him take nearly \$1,300 from his capital to send to us. It would be a violation of the principle on which he set out."

This was too deep reasoning for the wife and mother, but since her husband did not blame their boy she was satisfied.

Joel did not find a convenient time to send his parents the money, as he had proposed. The price of his securities advanced, but in the meantime he had bought more at a low price and was scraping together all his assets to pay for them. During the next few years he was put in charge of the financial department of the concern for which he worked and saw many opportunities to make money that he had never been aware of before.

But all these opportunities involved capital. Not a single one could be taken advantage of without it. "You can't make money, Joel," said the head of the firm, "without money to make it with." Joel saw the truth of this statement, and in one of his letters home quoted it as a reason why he was withholding funds from his parents which he felt he should have sent them. "When I get to a stopping point," he wrote, "I'll be able to produce it all very easily."

"Yes," said his father, "if he ever reaches the stopping point. But he never will."

"Now, pa," said Mrs. Harding, "that's just like you. You're always making out that Joel is selfish. He's the warmest hearted boy I ever knew. He's doing all this work in the city that he may help us in our old age."

"My dear wife," replied Farmer Harding, "you have made two statements, each requiring a separate reply. In the first place, Joel is carrying out the principle on which he set out to make a fortune, and it indicates great self control. But that principle is incompatible with his doing many things he would like to do. In the second place, if he ever makes his fortune and finds a stopping place we will be too old to enjoy the luxuries that his money will buy. We'll want only our lodging and enough to eat. We've got the farm."

Ten years from the time Joel went to the city there were changes in the firm by which he was employed. The senior partner died and was soon after followed by the junior. There was no one to take the latter's place except Joel. He was made a member of the firm and manager of the business. He had already become the slave to the cumulative principle; he now became the slave of an extensive business. At first he doubted if he was competent to manage it, and this induced him to devote his whole self to the purpose.

His attention to detail was remarkable. There was not a man under him who dared take any action whatever without consulting him. This in time broke down his health. Those interested with him begged him to leave certain details to others. He refused. Finally, to get him away from the business long enough to prevent its breaking him down entirely, some of the owners of the stock of the concern—it had become a corporation—got up a conspiracy to kidnap him. They succeeded in getting him on a yacht and carried him out to sea. This broke the spell. After a month's cruise he returned to his desk, and, finding that the business had got on very well without him, he divided it under department heads, retaining himself director of the whole.

Joel had been so absorbed in his business that he had forgotten all about his father and mother on the farm. He had at last reached the point that had danced like an ignis fatuus ahead of him. Money was now no object to him. He could shower his old father and mother with gold coin and not feel it. He would not write them; he would go back after thirty years' absence and supply every possible want.

One day a prosperous looking gentleman in a fur lined overcoat and silk hat appeared at the Harding farm. Mrs. Harding at the moment was throwing a pan of dishwater from the kitchen door on to the grass when she saw the man and heard him call:

"Mother!"

Then he advanced and took her in his arms. Just then Farmer Harding came in, looked at the gentleman and wondered who he was.

"It's Joel, pa!" cried the old lady, beside herself with joy.

"Father, mother, I've made the fortune I went away to make when a boy. I've come back to give you everything you want. If you prefer to stay here I'll build you a palace. If you would like to travel you shall have ample funds. Tell me what way I can serve you."

The old couple looked at each other blankly. Neither spoke.

"Tell me, father, what can I do for you?"

"I don't know of anything I want just now but a little tobacco and a new cow pipe."

The heart of the man with a fortune sank.

"Mother, dear mother," he moaned, "surely there is something I can do for you."

"Yes, I need a new pair of specs. Those I have are too young for me."

A few days later Joel went back to the city, leaving his father and mother in the same condition he had found them.